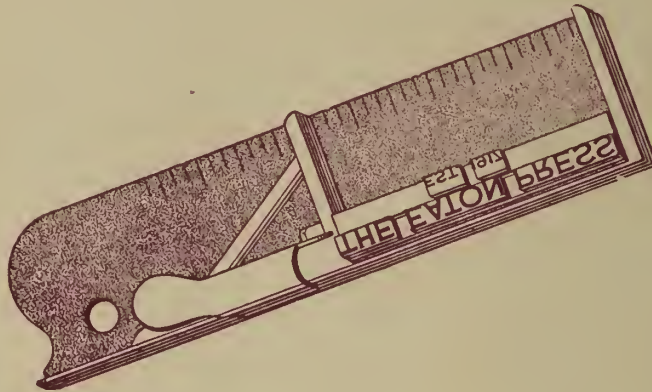


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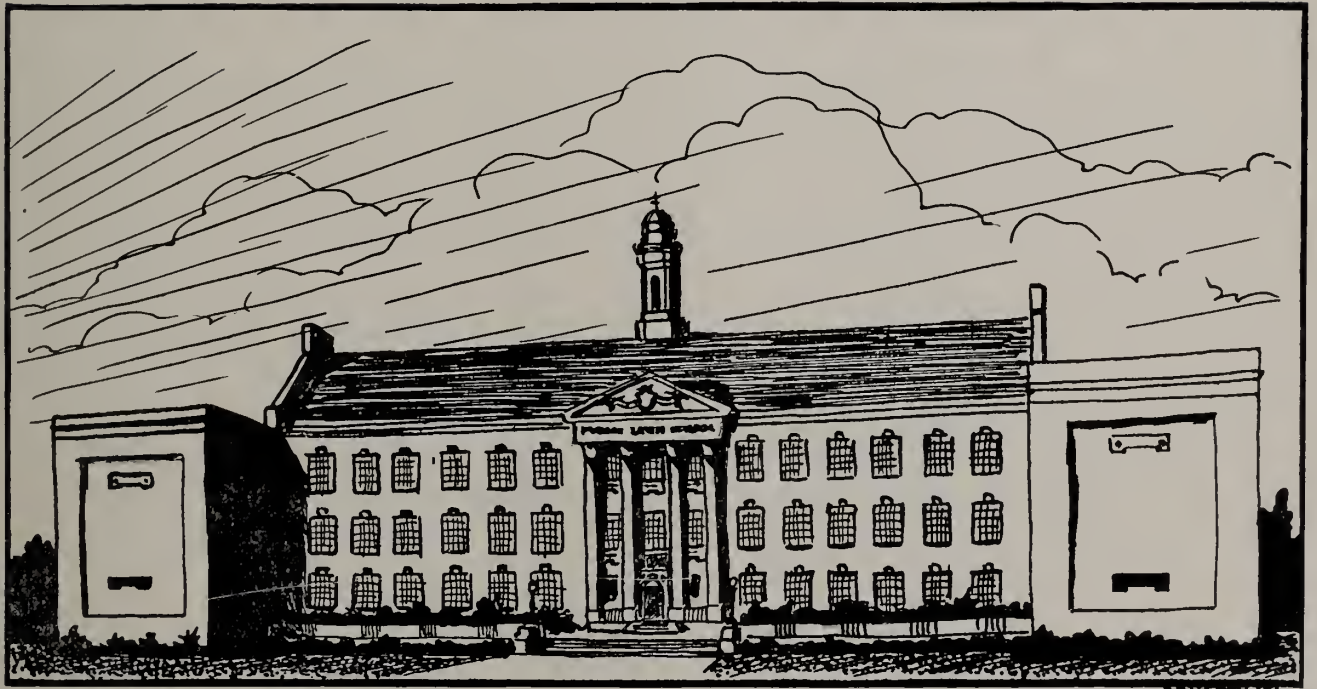
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# THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



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## *The Gardenia*

THOMAS S. DOHERTY '51

JOHNNIE HADN'T KNOWN Susie long, but he wanted to make a big impression on this, their first date. As it was just a church dance, he couldn't—in a big way; besides, his exchequer was limited. Wanting to get her something distinctive, he decided that a gardenia would do the trick.

During his lunch hour he stepped with light heart out of his office-building onto the broad pavement. He crossed the street and walked five blocks to a florist shop. In his hand he juggled the quarter for the gardenia, which would be in a cellophane bag containing drops of 'dew' to keep the flower fresh. In the store amid the banks of roses and orchids on the counters, a clerk—short and bespectacled—walked up to him.

"Can I do something for you, sir?"

"I'd like to see the gardenias, please." Johnnie was smiling a big smile, as the clerk led him over to a refrigerated compartment in which thousands of fresh gardenias were displayed. The clerk became a paragon of suavity and helpfulness.

"How many would you like, sir?"

"Uh . . . just one—the kind in the cellophane bags." The clerk's face fell. He led Johnnie to a wall-counter on which about four dozen neatly done-up cellophane packages each contained a brilliant white gardenia with smooth petals.

"Which one would you like?" The clerk at once was brusque and formal. After a moment's hesitation, Johnnie

reached up and picked out a package from the top shelf. The bags were of uniform size and shape, and the flowers they contained were almost identical; but this one somehow appealed to Johnnie. In the rapture of thinking how beautiful it would look and how sweet it would smell when he pinned it on Susie's dress, he forgot to pay the clerk.

"That will be a quarter, please."

"Oh!" Gladly, Johnnie handed over the silver piece and gaily walked out of the store. He did not see the clerk's disgusted look as he rang up the quarter.

Johnnie seemed to be walking on air. Not a soul did he see; instead, before his eyes was a picture of the night ahead, of the dance, of Susie with a white gardenia in her raven hair. The clerk's icy manner had made no impression on him. His heart was light as he walked back to the office—a dark prison in which he must wait a full five hours before being free to hurry home and prepare for the eventful dance.

He crossed the street in a trance. A car came hurtling toward him. A loud screech of brakes and the whine of tires grinding on the pavement preceded a sickening thud as the machine hit the boy and sent him flying through the air. A woman screamed; a man rushed out into the street. Johnnie was lying on the ground. A traffic cop appeared.

"You the driver of this car, mister?"



"Yeah. The kid wasn't looking where he was going. I couldn't help but hit 'im. I was perfectly within my rights."

"Well, it looks pretty bad. The kid's dead — killed instantaneously."

A crowd began to gather. A white ambulance came to a screeching halt, just missing several of the onlookers. A woman, craning to get a better view, inched forward; and her foot crushed a cellophane package with a gardenia inside it. She looked down and kicked it out of the way.

Beside a continuously moving belt stood five girls with pale faces in

white uniforms. One by one they picked the gardenias off the belt and put them in cellophane bags. Then they sprinkled a few drops of water into the bags with clothes sprinklers, folded the tops of the bags, stapled them shut, and put them into a big carton. The small room was heavy with the sickly-sweet smell of gardenias. Suddenly one of the girls threw a flower to the floor.

"I hate the smell of these darn things — they make me sick. If I could get a better job, I'd quit right now. Sickening smell!" Susie fell to the floor, choked with sobbing.

## *The Woes of a Caddy*

By ROBERT D. MARSHALL '53

IT IS AMAZING how much a definition in a dictionary can leave out. Take, for example, the definition in Webster's of the word "golf". Sixty words are used to define this popular international game; and yet, there is only one slight indication of the difficulties, embarrassing and enraging, experienced by the meek slave of the golfers, the caddy. That reference is the passage concerning the "natural or artificial obstacles" on the links. Behind these four words is a long, sad story which any caddy well remembers.

Have you ever returned home soaked to the skin, downcast in spirits, with thorns sticking into your body? Have you gone to bed exhausted, with every bone aching and your skin scorched by a day in the blazing sun? If you have, you've been a caddy. The causes of the aches and pains are those obstacles referred to so lightly in the definition, consisting of sandtraps, trees, rocks, heavy undergrowth, gullies, and brooks.

Other hardships with which caddies

have to contend include a "small, resilient ball" and the golfers, which come in all sizes and shapes, with various personalities and degrees of skill. Most exasperating is the constant talker, who chatters so much that he pays little attention to where he drives the ball. Other irritants include the jokester; the braggart; the poor sport; and, last but not least, the one who professionally overloads his bag with a full set of clubs but uses only a few.

Thus far I have presented only the darker side of caddying. It has, of course, its bright spots. Consolations may be listed as the beautiful course, the beneficial exercise, the interesting acquaintances, the occasional skilled golfer, and the generous tipper. As you may have guessed the greatest solace is the "green stuff" handed out after a hard day's work.

In later years, however, when his son expresses a desire to become a caddy, the former bag-toter sits back and, despite the advantages, says, "Son, let me explain the outs of the job."



# *The Fugitive Returned*

By BERNARD LEVINE '52

SNOW HAD FALLEN during the night. This cover of whiteness was soiled with scraps of smoldering tinder and tiny droplets of blood. The countryside resounded with an impalpable something—nothing human, only perceptible in the trees. As they swayed unrhythmically, their trunks quivered as if they wished to lie flat with the earth and die. Yet scarcely a breeze disturbed the serenity of the atmosphere.

In the distance, tiny figures were breaking the hard crusts of the snow. Old, young were walking in line, never pausing to raise the bulging sacks from their shoulders. It looked like an exodus of heart-weary pilgrims. Their faces did not show the usual creases of hardship, but rather indicated bewilderment. Three abreast, surging forward, were breaking a trail with their stamping feet and crooked canes. It was difficult work. Once the snow had been cleared, a constant file of people was treading the path. Their destination seemed predetermined; and they heedlessly passed the trees which would be there through time immortal. Fate would be theirs to accept; they could not, like humans, walk away from trouble.

Lagging far behind and off towards the night, on a trail of his own, was a small lad. He pushed forward, but did not care to join the others. His face betrayed flashes of emotion, but his feelings differed from those of the others. Surely a mere lad could not realize the grimness of things; yet, perhaps he understood better than the others the futility of fleeing. For some reason, however, he meekly followed, carefully making his own path. His back didn't bear the weight of any bundle, because he was unable to wrench his possessions from their native soil. He walked along, hoping eventually to solve his dilemma. Soon he saw that he was losing sight of those in front, but he wasn't eager to fly after



them. He did notice that they passed the barrier of trees without lifting their eyes or expressing concern. Nearing the trees, the lad stopped short with wonderment. The shaking boughs let fall a thin film of snow that completely veiled the lad from sight. Pausing to observe the pitiable condition of those once-powerful trees, he began to understand, and paralleled their plight to his own predicament. He saw the great trees deplorably humbled, with no one to restore their strength. Suddenly, as if sprung from the still snow, appeared a lean man, wearing the garb of a farmer. He blended with the misty background of the sky and snow. The lad saw him straining the snow with a worn rake. Almost instantaneously the snow whirled about and formed an endless line of fruits encircling the trees. The apparition disappeared as quickly as it had come. The lad noticed that the trees were no longer shivering and that their trunks were standing upright with new vitality. Then the lad retraced his steps; and as he turned in the direction whence he came, he envisioned a magnificent land, nurtured by his own hands; and he saw the once quaking trees transplanted to a place of grandeur in the realm of his fancy.

# *The Fiend That Follows*

BY HENRY HEIFETZ '53

JACQUES LEFARGE was a brute, a man of incredible strength with an apish, twisted mind. Rumor had it that he had escaped from Devil's Island or some other penal colony. Wherever he came from, Lefarge was the scourge of New Guinea when I first met him.

Times had been bad. While doing a little trading, I had learned that large quantities of copra might be purchased cheaply at the New Hope Plantation from the owner Lefarge. No one would give me any information about him, for the mere mention of his name seemed to stifle conversation. While I wondered, I met Lefarge through an agent.

On a typical steaming New Guinea morning my little steamer pulled up to the bright dock. Native boys lashed us fast, and I disembarked with the fetid savage odor of New Guinea in my nostrils. Before I could long wonder about what sort of man had established this efficient plantation, I quickly found out after a huge, grimy paw had slapped me on the back. I spun around to see a massive, brawny man, well over six feet. His bare, hairy chest glistened with sweat as he said: "Monsieur Johnson, I am Jacques Lefarge."

As we walked towards his low white bungalow, I saw many evidences of Lefarge's management. The few natives we passed looked weary. Across their backs were long, deep scars. When a young native boy lay across the path, Lefarge kicked him out of our way.

Lefarge led the way into a spacious room. Beside a solid oaken table a tall boy stood. "Bring some wine, Kalu." The boy, bowing, walked from the room.

We began to haggle. Lefarge spoke English well, although with a heavy French accent. Soon, Kalu returned with wine; but, as he neared Lefarge, he stumbled, bespattering his master. Lefarge, springing to his feet, snatched a rawhide whip from the wall and began to lash the prostrate boy. Kalu screamed, but the methodical rise and fall of the whip continued. Finally Lefarge ceased. Kalu pulled himself to his feet and staggered from the room.

Lefarge, noticing my horrified expression, said, "Zat is the only way to treat zese animals. Zey are only beasts and must be treated zat way." Walking to the door, he shouted "Kalu!" No answer. "Zat misbegotten son of a crocodile is gone. Per'aps 'e dashed off to his favorite witch-doctor and laid a curse on me," said Lefarge with a smile.

"A curse?"

"Sure, zese natives are very superstitious — Kalu especially. Zey often curse an enemy by setting a fiend or monster on his trail, zey sink, by giving zeir witch-doctor a present. But I am not afraid of zeir superstitions. None of zem have ze courage to face me openly."

I quickly concluded the terms of sale and left before nightfall.

That was the last I heard of Lefarge until a year later. I met Dr. Standish on a steamer en route to Sidney. In the course of conversation, we happened to speak of New Guinea and its peoples. "Did you ever hear of Jacques Lefarge?" he asked.

I was surprised to hear the name of



the man who had occupied my thoughts many times the past year. Briefly, I told Standish of my experiences at the New Hope Plantation. "Lefarge is dead, you know."

"Dead! But how?"

"It's an intriguing story. About two months ago Lefarge was walking near his bungalow at night. Some business guests on the porch suddenly saw something large and black loom up behind him. Lefarge turned, screamed, and bolted for the jungle. A few hours later they found him deep in the forest, impaled on the stakes of a native animal trap. You know — a pit with covering of grass, constructed so that a large animal stepping on the grass falls through and hurtles onto the sharpened stake below. I was called in immediately, but he was too far gone. He died soon after I had arrived. Only his magnificent physique had kept him alive that long."

"But what was back of it?" I interjected.

"Well, that's the unusual thing. Lefarge had always laughed at native superstitions, but I believe that subconsciously, he actually believed in them. When he received a native message that a witch-doctor had put a fiend on his trail to kill him that night, he was noticeably affected. A large, wild deer came up behind him in the dark. His twisted mind must have snapped, for he ran blindly into the jungle and blundered into the animal trap."

"Tell me, do you perchance think that these native legends are true?" I asked, a little awed.

"Oh, no!" Standish smiled. "The only fiend that followed Jacques Lefarge was that which follows us all: the fiend of fear, the fiend of retribution, the fiend of conscience."

## *Here's the Pitch*

BY MORRIS M. GOLDINGS '53

ACCORDING to the calendar in use today, after January comes February; and after February, March. After March, however, for better or for worse, must invariably come—*Baseball*. Yes, April begins that annual epidemic which first broke out in the backyard of a certain Abner Doubleday, but which now has spread to the entire nation. At the risk of being a "traitor," I submit this record of personal observation.

In the aforementioned month of April "mass pandemonium bursts forth because of a spherical-shaped figure of 'not less than five nor more than five and one-quarter ounces avoirdupois.'"

By way of example, the Latin student sees Lucius Sergius "Ted" Cataline shag flies in left Forum and collect huge sums of money. Therefore, Marcus Tullius Cicero, sports-writer for the *Latium Daily Nihil*, razzes him from the Senate-House. The student of ge-

ometry is quizzed on the number of degrees in the base angles of the isosceles triangle formed by connecting first and third bases. Meanwhile, the English student writes a composition about a game between the Earthworms and the Aardvarks . . . Again, may I say that in April, an American's fancy turns to thoughts of baseball?

If a fan were to take at face value Will Rogers' famous saying "All I know is what I read in the papers," he would not only be confused, but would own a pair of bloodshot eyes. Countless articles flood the press prior to the season. Nearly all contain that "Boom-Boom-Boom" known as predictions.

Year after year these oracular utterances run much the same. (And year after year the prophets who make them also run). The team which won the pennant the previous season swears it will repeat. The runner-up swears *it* will win. The third-place team swears





it will beat out the first two. These avowals proceed down to the cellar-dwellers, who just swear.

About the middle of April the season begins, and we hear a second "Boom-Boom-Boom"—alibis. (Some are even better than those heard at B.L.S.!)

"Beetlebomb didn't throw to second because atmospheric conditions were adverse." . . . "The pitcher walked fourteen in a row because he'd have been jinxed if he had passed thirteen!" . . . "Joe Schlump would have hit a home run if the fence were nearer . . . " etc. etc. etc.

Need I say more? Well, I will, anyway. The season starts, reaches its

midpoint, and ends. If your team won, you were right all the way. If it finished second, it lost by finishing on the road. If third, it was riddled with injuries. And so on all the way down to last place.

The season does end in October, but not the recapitulations of every game, every inning, every play; and in some cases, every pitch.

"Do you remember the third inning of the game September 31st? Well, if Luke McGlue had tried for the triple play instead of forcing the man at the plate, Sam Schlemeihl would never have hit the grand-slam home-run, and that would mean only two men on base; and so-o-o-o we would have finished just fifty-six and one-half games from third place. Huh?"

In short, everything above can be heard anywhere, any time, and by anyone who isn't deaf. As the reader has by this time discovered, I know little about baseball and its inner workings; but, like all loyal citizens, I feel capable of making a prediction myself. It is as follows: —If the Red Sox and Braves win the pennants, the winner of the World Series will be Boston.

Hey! Where did all those white coats come from?

## Escape

BY LEWIS M. OLFSON '54

Alone, I climbed the creaking spiral stairs,  
 Slid through the skylight.  
 Upon the sunbaked roof I threw my cares  
 Unto the twilight.  
 Looking down, I watched the insect people,  
 Observed their sorrow.  
 A clock tolled six in some far distant steeple.  
 Until tomorrow . . .  
 I will stand above them all and gape  
 At life's illusion—  
 Enjoying my aloofness, my escape,  
 And my seclusion.



# *The Only Way To Do It*

## *(My Fondest Hope)*

By ROBERT RITTENBURG '51

**T**HIS ROUTINE is getting to be ridiculous. All day long, all I hear is "Do this!" "Do that!" "Don't do that!" "Go here!" "Don't go there!" "Be this!" "Be that!" "Step lively; rush, rush, and rush some more!"

What I wouldn't give to get away from all this and just take it easy!... Drift, drift..like a jelly-fish. Just think, —nothing to do all day but drift with the tide: come in for five hours, go out for five hours, come in for five hours, *etc., etc., ad infinitum.*

What a life! It's so tempting that I think that I shall pretend I'm a jelly-fish. Now, let's see. The first thing that I probably do is wake up. But wait a minute! Do jelly-fish sleep? Oh, they must. Anyway, sleep or no sleep, they must eat. Say, this looks good; plenty of food. Oops, I just thought of something.——

What do the other fish eat? Do they eat jellyfish? No! Of course not. Who'd want to eat me? Maybe I haven't any bones, but I haven't any meat, either; in fact, I'm about ninety-eight per cent water.

Maybe I haven't any enemies. Swoosh! What was that? It almost took me with it. I'd better go up to the surface and see what it was. Kush,.. ..kush...kush..(Picture me making progress through the water, by rhythms? Contraction and relaxation of my bell-shaped body.)

Look! A boy up there with a long stick in his hand..I wonder what he's doing with it. Hey! Don't drop that thing. Oops! Too late; and now there are two of me.

What do you know? So that's how we jellyfish multiply. But, no! If that's true, there aren't any girl jellyfish. Here I am again—swimming along beside myself. Is that what I look like? Hey, you! Or is it me? Anyway, look

out! Zoom! Too late—a motorboat just went over my second self, and now there are about *umpty-nine* of me.

Now that all of me are full-grown, I can get to see the world. You know, it's a good thing that I can't feel what happens to the other *me's*. I heard that a whole school of me floated up on the beach, and we were blown up by some boys playing with firecrackers.

Look. There's Boston Light. I'm home again. I think I'll swim about and see if I can find some of my old friends. Some boys are swimming off that pier, and there's . . . Oh! what's his name? I know it, but what is it? —Maybe if I take a closer look at him, I'll remember his name. He's putting his hand in the water; why, he's going to pick me up. Now, cut it out! Put me down this instant. Don't you know who I am? No, I suppose you don't; but put me down, anyway. Now, where are you taking me? Eek! What was that? Oh, no! Don't! Stop you beast, you; you dropped me.

Oh! Here's one of his friends. Looks like a good bloke; bet he puts me back in the water. Sure he will. He's picking me up, Now he's chasing that wicked boy. I know! He's going to make him apologize to me. But wait! Why's he putting me over the other boy's head? No! you ææ&\*&!!, don't rub me in his hair.

What am I so worried about? That's just another one of me gone. Poor fellow, he's got to go back to school now.

Now the question arises, is it better to drift around like a jellyfish or be back at school, where it's safe? I think I'll go back to school again; and if I ever get the urge to see the world, I'll join the Navy or do something like that.

## *Civilization*

BY ERNEST M. POTISCHMAN '52

I SWEAR I didn't see him. One minute the street was clear, and in a flash it happened. I rushed from my car to the form in the gutter. "I'm all right," said the man; "just not used to these self-propelled monsters." I gazed at him . . . "Haven't you been around lately?" I said.

"No, I've sort of been hibernating out of this world, so to speak."

"Ye Gods," I muttered, "either he's an idiot or . . ." My thoughts were stopped by the sudden realization that he wore breeches, silk stockings, pumps, and a white wig. A terrible desire to be away from this spot and more especially from him swept over me. Suddenly the ambulance appeared. I found myself getting in with him.

As we rode along, he questioned me. I must confess that I dared not look at his face and therefore gazed out the rear window.

"The world surely has come a long way: vehicles without horses, lights without flame, buildings stretching into the sky like the Tower of Babel. It must be wonderful to live among all these wonders."

I didn't attempt to understand and only answered, "Yes, we're in an advanced stage of development; never before has man been so prolific in his work. In a manner of speaking, man has arrived."

We rode in silence for a few blocks. "Been any wars lately?"

"Yes, we just finished the second one, and there's a chance that we may have another one. But thank goodness for science. Why, do you realize that we can kill one quarter of the world's population in a matter of days? And the rest would eventually die, because a new ray can poison all existing food. Yes, there will be peace on earth, even if we have to blast half the people off this planet." I only heard him say, "I had hopes." . . .

The rest of the trip was made in absolute silence. Finally, the ambulance stopped, and the driver came around back. "Hey! Where the devil is the old codger? The dope must've hopped off at a red light while you weren't looking. You're lucky; he could have sued you for plenty. Boy, I know guys who practically make a living out of suing people!"

## *Epitaph of an Unsuccessful Author*

BY LEWIS OLFSOON '54

Though during Life  
I thought and thought,  
And searched for it,  
I found it not.  
But now I have  
The perfect plot.

## *The Unknown Soldier*

BY EDWARD L. SMITH '55

WHILE ON A TRIP to Washington, I visited the famed "Tomb of the Unknown Soldier" in Arlington Cemetery. I stood there, respectful and reverent, with my hat in my hand. I wondered who the soldier had been, where he had come from, and what he might have become. The splendor of his polished marble tomb would have surprised him. People came from everywhere to stand there with heads bowed, faces grim, and hearts filled with mourning for him. This man they never knew.

Because he wore a uniform when he died, they call him "The Unknown Soldier." I believe he was a good soldier, though fighting was never his business. He was a man of peace, I am sure, though he never told me.

Perhaps he was born on a little farm in the Dakotas — or was it a tenement

house in the Bronx, a miner's cottage in Pennsylvania, a ranch in Texas, a duplex apartment on Park Avenue? I can't be sure as I stand here at the grave of this man I never knew.

I do not know his name or his business; whether his grammar was good or his accent like mine. I shall never know what books he read, what church he went to, which way he voted, or how much money he had.

Was he a poet, a bookkeeper, a truck-driver, a surgeon, a lumberjack, an errand boy, or a student? Was he telling a joke, or resting after a hard day of fighting, or was he writing to his family, when the deadly missile came?

I don't know; for, when he was selected, he was lying in a closed coffin among other nameless dead, known only to God.

## *The Harvard Man and the June Bug*

BY BERNARD LEVINE '52

A HARVARD MAN is a gangling lad with a sparse pate, checkered jacket, and crimson cravat. He walks along winding corridors where neither noise nor sunshine penetrate. His professors show him life via battered texts. Some of us might ridicule him, were we certain that during college years our life would not be similar. Others might pity him; yet, wretched though he may be, the Harvard man has his heyday.

With but the slightest notice spring brings forth flowers and encourages love. A grassy carpet grows upon the spot where once were prosaic ice and unromantic slush. Comes the change, ever so gently.

E. Mortimer Saltonbottom IV, one of many sophomores living the typical Harvard life, unconsciously began sliding into the crosscurrent of spring. As punctually as any haberdasher, he packed away his sturdy fisherman's hat and old-style galoshes, and withdrew his umbrella and cardigan. Quietly, casually, he emerged from hibernation; and behold, a June breeze gently parted his soft, straight hair. This breeze oddly affected his conventional mind. "Lo," said he, "the scrawny maple sheds its twig for a budding coat; the hail hath upturned daffodils; and there — a species of wondrous feminine beauty" . . . or words to that effect.

He began to ignore the intriguing

stuff of invertebrates, fungi, perigees, and Pavlov's dogs. The dormant earth once more opened the spring gates; and Master Saltonbottom, a monarch awakened, rashly ran between the beckoning doors, looking neither this way nor that.

A novelty often provides the transitional tightrope from death to life, from solitude to reality. More often, the tightrope bridges a ravine, and a careless step will send one plunging to No Man's Land. E. Mortimer Saltonbottom IV always thought—thought hard—in terms of *Pi* and cosines. He never could figure out what reality was, for reality couldn't be measured by *Pi*. So the lad toppled into the ravine.

The girl, Clytemnestra, whom he described as a "wonderous beauty," had a heavenly face and ambulatory limbs no Beauty Contest judge could miss. Yet this same creature, in the days of reality, was a lanky, freckled thing, with legs shaped like calipers. She was, perhaps, beauty in a pathetic disguise.

On Class Day he formally announced his engagement. His fellow-students, though in a similar mental state, clearly saw his sad predicament. Glumly they walked, one by one, towards the fated couple, dryly shook hands, muttered their sympathy, and walked away.

Now Harvard men, despite their customary mental pandemonium, are of one mind when tragedy threatens.

They dearly love one another; and of many sophomores living the typical when one of them lapses into temporary insanity, they converge to plan their brother's restoration to health. After great deliberation, these redemptionists concluded that the fiend (Clytemnestra) must either be exiled or else glued to an unwary freshman.

Ingenuity, which can conjure up almost anything, produced a fat little Freshman, Choisi. The very next time Clytemnestra was seen making her determined way across the Harvard campus, little Choisi was planted in her path. The "girl," forgetting her destination, was at once charmed by Choisi, and soon they were on their way, hand in hand. The plan had succeeded.

No one is ever aware of a Cupid's tragedy until he has escaped and is returned to normal life. Then he expiates his sin, weeps a little, and once again settles back to enjoy life. Our Harvard man did not thank Heaven for his deliverance, for he never knew that he had been saved.

Gradually Nature began to strip her works of their spring clothing. As regularly as ever, E. Mortimer Saltonbottom IV donned his fisherman's hat and galoshes and trecked through the snow of the yard. Happily he crept to his classrooms to stare once more at fascinating words of ancient Harvard volumes.

## From Eden

BY BERNARD LEVINE '52

Brambles and bees,  
And robots and bombs.  
Oh! couldn't they tell it was  
The incense of myrrh,  
And a kit of malignant air!  
So they hacked at the tree,  
And tugged at Nimbus—  
And piled their heads on a headless pin  
To divert a monad  
From doing what.



# Planetary Incident

BY ROBERT SWARTZ '53

"July 23, 1953—(AP) Today a fire broke out in the summer residence of Mr. Fen, teacher of English at Boston Latin School. Mr. Fen's home was situated in a spot ten miles from the nearest fire station; and when the engines got there, the house was almost completely demolished. Hardly any valuable was left untouched by the flames. Luckily, Mr. Fen and his wife were away for the week, and the house was insured. One fireman was injured when he tripped on a stray hose; he suffered a sprained ankle." — *Boston Post*

"Forty thousand planetary revolutions after the Planet Three, Sun Thirty-Three, Sector G-189362, Quadrant 583085 was found to be breeding life. The inhabitants reached the stage where they were ready to be given the gift of space travel. Eight revolutions after they had tested the first fission bomb, the Great Galactic Empire sent Rud race, which recently received the two messengers of the highly developed privilege of traveling by means of teleportation . . . . ."

THEY FIRST APPEARED in a cornfield. It had taken them about three seconds to travel across three thousand light years of space. Seeing the smoke ascending in the distance, the two Rudd headed off (teleportation does not work in such a short distance as a few miles).

Sifting through the still smouldering ashes, the first Rudd found something. He brought it to the second.

"What have you found? Come, show it to me," transmitted Rudd Number Two.

It's a partially intact book. Shall I translate part of it?" retransmitted Rudd One.

Two considered; then, "Yes, go ahead; maybe we'll find out something."

"The first few lines are badly obliterated, but here's the best I can do.— 'The first bombs fell. What had been New York was now a twisted mass of radioactive metal; millions died in the first blast. There were three more. Now, all over the country, bombs are falling. People in untouched cities are scurrying about to bomb shelters, not knowing whether they are next or not.

" 'In a little town in New Mexico, The war started five minutes before. Men worked furiously, loading atomic and super-atomic missiles into the firing-ramps. Within five minutes, over five hundred atomic rockets were on their way to the important cities, industrial centers, and secret bases of the enemy; America was fighting back.

" 'The war was over exactly twenty-three minutes after it had started . . . ' Need I read any more? It is apparent what has happened here. A foolish race if I ever did see one! Even if there are some survivors, they are not fit to be given space flight. They must grow up first."

"What kind of book is that, some sort of short history?" transmitted Two.

Rudd One gazed at the book, then retransmitted, with a gleam on his thought-wave. "Yes, it must be some sort of history. Its name has no equivalent in our tongue . . . *The Register*."

"But they found that the race had been destroyed by an atomic war. This fact has been disputed many a time; for, exactly thirteen revolutions after the Rudd left, gigantic explosions were seen on this planet, quarantining it by deadly radiation." — *Encyclopedia Galactia* — 386921 G. E.



# The Classroom Clown- *Genus Idiotus*

BY HENRY S. HEIFETZ '53

EVERY SCHOOL in our fair land is divided into small sections known as "classrooms." Within these "classrooms" a qualified biologist might run riot, examining the curious and widely diversified forms of life.

At B.L.S. there is, for instance, the *Genus Intelligentus* or Walking Brain. An average member of this species has a huge, bloated head superimposed upon a short, thick neck. Any Walking Brain can answer such questions as "What was the name of Napoleon's horse at the Battle of Waterloo?" or "Who is the Second-Assistant Vizier of Hindustan?"

Another common species is the *Genus Criborifus* or Aspiring Gangster. A typical individual has a tremendously long neck at the end of which are two adjustable eyes. The body of this creature is lined with innumerable, tiny, transparent pockets in which "crib sheets" may be secreted. The Aspiring Gangster is a parasitic beast, always found in close association with one or more Walking Brains.

The most curious and interesting species, however, of all these "classroom inhabitants in the *Genus Idiotus* or Classroom Clown. This creature is made up almost entirely of a gigantic set of lungs, capable of emitting laughs known to have caused earthquakes at a distance of over two thousand miles. This prolific species has many subdivisions, which I, as a thoroughgoing scientist, feel compelled to explain further.

## A. *The Yuk-Yuker or Grand Chuckle*

*Characteristics:* Whenever a "master" opens his mouth for any reason at all, perhaps merely to yawn, this creature begins to laugh loudly; to pound its "desk" in mirth; and to roll on the floor, helplessly overcome with laughter. Sometimes this beast cannot stop its

laughing and lest it go mad must be shot immediately.

## B. *The Basement-Frequenter or Great Room-Leaver*

*Characteristics:* At least three hundred times per day this creature asks to be excused from the "classroom." Despite extensive research, no scientist has ever discovered what these beasts do during their frequent outings. An expedition, which under Professor Ernest Gekrichen is investigating the matter, may perhaps soon clear up this great mystery of science.

## C. *The Great Comedian or Wise-Cracker Superbus*

*Characteristics.* This most prolific of the three great divisions of *Genus Idiotus* has many peculiar characteristics. Members of this species imagine themselves great comics. No matter what subject is being discussed in the "classroom," this creature has an appropriate "Wise-Crack" or "Funny Joke" of which to deliver itself. After the *Superbus* utters its "Wise-Crack," it begins to laugh and laugh and laugh uproariously, although a stony silence pervades the "classroom." The Great Comedian's laughing propensity is almost as great as that of the *Yuk-Yuker*. This animal, however, is especially nauseous. Its normal life span is sixteen years, at which time it is destroyed by its disgusted friends.

This brief summary should give you some idea of "classroom life." Many other diverse species may be found, skulking in the darkest depths of a "classroom." This heretofore unexplored branch of biology demands further study. I shall more fully explain the unusual phenomenon of "classroom life" in my forthcoming treatise, entitled "Twenty Years in High School."

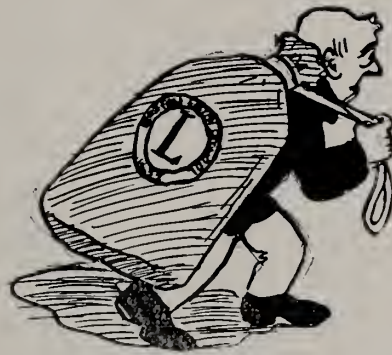
## Latin School Sixies

BY C. M. SULLIVAN '52

THOSE HESITANT and bewildered boys you see scuffling through the corridors of the Latin School one early September morning are unwilling subjects of a six-year experiment. Observe that small, pale, thin chap, wonderingly contemplating the heavily worn areas on the edge of each stair-tread. To him this evidence of interminable ages is too difficult to grasp, but awesome enough to consider.

At ten o'clock comes the first assembly. On the walls are inscribed names of which his history teacher is to speak in respectful and subdued tones, and he realizes that he is following in the footsteps of the great and respected. He first senses the meaning of tradition; and, after a moment of doubtful introspection, he is moved by a feeling of pride. Later comes the first recess, with a bedlam that will soon be molded into orderliness by the threat of marks for misdemeanors and the awesome dignity of the all-male faculty. At the same time come the homelessons and the utter hopelessness of doing Latin, a feeling which must finally give way to the urge to succeed. After the first marking period come Mother's pride at his first approbation card and Father's wrath at his first misdemeanor marks—there in a "bunch."

Gradually comes the dawn. The ability to apply oneself has been attained.



He "knows the ropes" and has built up confidence. Weary days glide by, and soon the inevitable has happened. The pale, thin chap leaps up the stairs three at a time now. It is a warm morning in June, and he is to be promoted. Yes, promoted—promoted to the Fifth Class. Once again he will be mystified, but to a much more moderate extent. He will face new and more terrifying Latin; perhaps he will "face the music" in the office. In reality, no Sixie can, however, feel again the tension of his first days at Latin School, and never really "face the music" as he did during his first year at B. L. S.

## Fog

BY LEWIS OLDFSON '54

Silently she rises from the sea,  
Cloaked in grey, her face behind a mask.  
Coming from the depths of mystery,  
Silently she rises from the sea,  
Bathed in dark, yet sweet perfumery;  
Swiftly she executes her somber task.  
Silently she rises from the sea,  
Cloaked in grey, her face behind a mask.



## Consul Unconcealed

BY STUART KAPLAN '51

I'D LIKE YOU to meet the Honorary Consul of Costa Rica," my mother said to me one day last May after I had returned from school. You can imagine my surprise on recognizing my father's face through the cloud of smoke from his Corona cigar. Entirely unfazed by this impressive title, he considered it his duty to declare that he nothing honorary in the position and that, since he was not a native of Costa Rica, it seemed improper to call him a Costa Rican consul.

I took an entirely different attitude. Making the most of an opportunity to inflate my age, I immediately informed all my acquaintances that the "old man" had been appointed chief commercial attaché for a vast and powerful republic in the Western Hemisphere.

I can say, with reasonable accuracy, that Costa Rica is south of Mexico. Considering more practical aspects of this new development in world affairs, I immediately came up with the inevitable question, "Can it benefit me in even some small way?" Few minutes had gone by before I realized that an addition could be obtained for license plates of members of the Foreign Consular Service. Tickets for parking violations would be non-existent, I supposed. I am still trying to locate a firm selling Consular Service plates.

From casual observation, I cannot say that the duties of an Honorary Consul are particularly onerous. The greatest effort seems to be in translating the essential parts of Communications from the San José Foreign Office. Each of the four dispatches received today has been carefully saved and will probably be framed some day. An occasional letter arrives from a local manufacturer requesting export and import

regulations and information about markets in Costa Rica. He soon receives the pertinent data that the country has 616,804 inhabitants, according to the 1930 census, and an area of 23,281 square miles. The manufacturer would also, presumably, be delighted to know that the Constitutional Congress contains forty-three delegates. (Mr. Pearson, take notice.)

An important delegate from Costa Rica to the United States was to arrive in Boston last October; but to the present time he has not met the consul, who was to act as his host. The thought of foul play has entered my father's mind, but to notify the Foreign Office in Costa Rica would conceivably become an international incident.

It appears that, among their own kind, consuls are sociable. Last week a large envelope from the Cuban consul, José (that's his last name), contained an avalanche of delightful literature, including financial reports of the cigar industry in 1936, a booklet containing the statement, "The peoples of Cuba is very educated," and other pamphlets and reports of dubious interest. To add to their value, they were in a condition suggesting that they had been used in the Cuban consulate as bases for flower-pots.

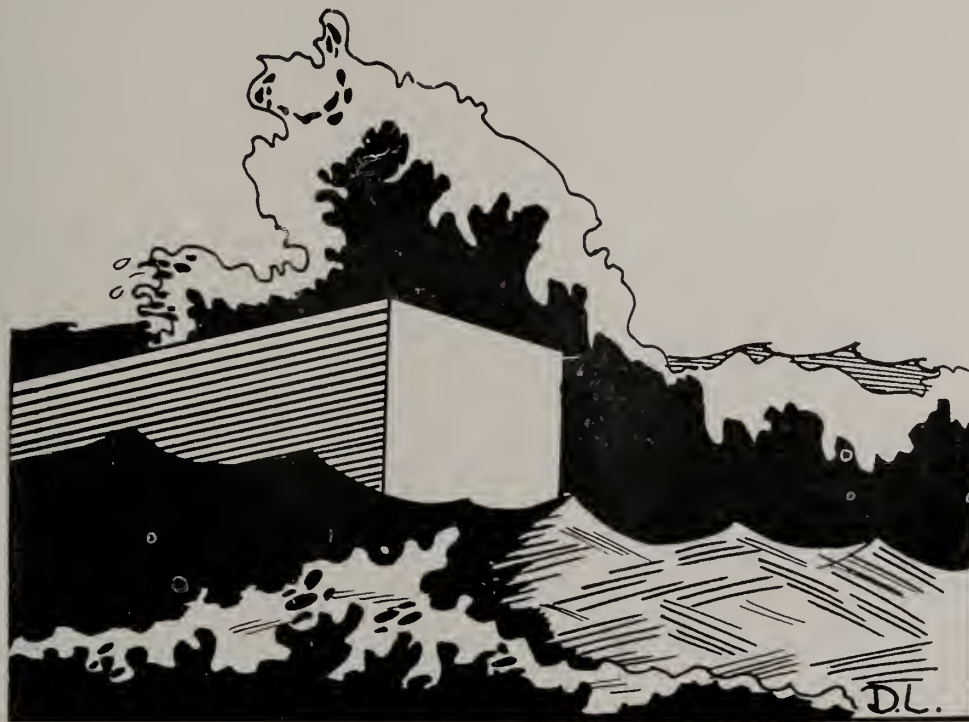
Several weeks ago, a special communiqué informed my father that an assistant would aid him in his duties as Honorary Consul to Costa Rica. Now he will probably not have to translate letters from the "home office." In case this issue of the *Register* should find its way into the wrong hands, I am compelled to declare that Costa Rica is a land of unceasing delight to all visitors and that its Consular Service in Boston is beyond reproach.





# *Sic Transit Gloria Mundi*

By HENRY S. HEIFETZ '53



The Emperor was pleased . . . The Emperor was greatly pleased. The last recalcitrant nation had fallen; the invincible arms of the Empire had battered down the last shred of resistance. The Empire now extended throughout the length and breadth of the continent. Yes, the Emperor was pleased.

From his lofty throne he looked down upon the three brawny figures genuflecting at his feet. "Bring him to me," said the Emperor, with a peremptory wave of his hand. The three men bowed for a last time and quickly left the throne-room.

Within five minutes they returned, leading a tall, richly dressed old man. Although his garments were of fine fabric and costly design, they were torn and befouled as if through a long period of privation. The three muscular ones dragged the old man to the foot of the throne and bowed, but the tall

figure stood erect. The Emperor smiled. "You might as well learn to bow. Your kingdom is a province of the Empire, and you are now a humble subject."

"I'll never bow to you," said the former king, "even if you let your torturers finish their work."

"I am sorry if you received harsh treatment, but your nation was the last to fall. My soldiers had to have some way to express their happiness."

"May I return to my dungeon?"

The Emperor leaped to his feet, his eyes burning with fury. "Pig! Do you realize what I have done? The entire continent! Do you hear me? The entire continent is mine and shall be my son's and his son's. I am the greatest man and the greatest emperor the world has ever known. No one, nothing can resist me now! I am the Supreme Ruler! I am the Great Lord!" The Emperor glared at the upright old man.

The former king turned his back and began to walk away. With a scream of rage, the Emperor roared for his attendants. When the three men appeared, he said, "To the block with this old imbecile. The ax perhaps may teach him due respect."

The Emperor slumped back upon his throne. As he watched the four figures file out, his mind began to wander back, back to the beginning. A short time ago he had been a petty monarch ruling a petty kingdom; and now he had become the greatest sovereign in history, the greatest that ever was or ever would be.

Suddenly the throne began to tremble; the Emperor pitched forward onto the floor. He lay there, half insensible, as the floor heaved and split. His beautiful, painted walls began to crack and topple in upon him. The Emperor screamed once and raised a hand above his head as the great central column collapsed.

Within two hours the entire continent began to crumble and split asunder. The land sank back into the sea from which it had arisen, and the continent of Atlantis was no more. Soon there was nothing, nothing but the drifting wreckage of a lost world and the billowing, unchanging majesty of the sea.

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## *The Register*

Thanks Mr. Philip Marson for his untiring patience and helpful guidance during his Twentieth Year as Literary Adviser, 1950-1951.

THE STAFF

# EDITORIALS

## *Never Goodbye*

It was an early September morning; and the lad, young and undaunted, approached the wide steps, gaped at the four massive colonnades, and walked through the door under the wing of *Alma Mater*. Because the accomplishments and reputation of others had preceded him, he felt both proud and humble. Little did he know that, like his predecessors, he too was to be jostled savagely and thrown upon the millstone for six years. Nor could he visualize himself—taller and broader, mature and hardened—making the cold, unlauded exit.

The years didn't fail to bring the drenching rains, the bitter gales. The flowers had coexisted with the tempest. But often the rain drowned the flowers, which, though carefully tended, breathed a final adieu, drooped, and died.

The *Finale*—the customary two hundred passing through the portals of glory for a split second: the diploma, a handshake, some tears—then goodbye. For most of them, their toil and frustration clouded the consciousness of a beneficent *Alma Mater*. Six years of classes, lessons, and anxiety had never furnished the affection the young lad had sought from *Alma Mater*—the *Alma Mater* he had seen smiling when first he entered the dark halls from the bright sunshine outside.

The six years passed; then another five or six. The wounds and bruises of a decade had finally softened him sufficiently to accept the belated affection his *Alma Mater* had patiently extended to him during those years gone by; and the fragrance of newly reaped fruits of success entreated him to recall delicate memories he left far behind—unheralded, unmourned. Silently he longed to run up to her and lay his head upon her lap—to repent for the years his gratitude had been unexpressed.

## *The New Boy and Latin School*

A boy should fully understand the decision he has made when he enters Boston Latin School. He must become accustomed to seeing his friends from other schools with no books and few worries, while he studies four foreign languages, including English, and trudges home every night, overloaded with books. He must realize that a student at, say, Boston Trade may be graduated from high school to start immediately making large sums; whereas he faces long years of college and post-graduate work before he can begin to take a useful place in life.

A new boy should seriously consider the advantages of a classical education versus those of trade school training. B.L.S. is not the route to the "fast buck"; it is the long and gradual path to the arduous and often poorly paid learned profession. Any boy who does not realize this possibility is limited in vision.

Latin School does not prepare you for a life of trade immediately after graduation. The major purpose is to prepare you for college, to give you enough information to make entrance into the best American universities comparatively easy.

## Our Lords and Masters



JOSEPH WEINERT

Teaches German, Room 216 . . . At B.L.S. for 22 years . . . Resides in Newton . . . Married; three boys, all graduates of Latin and Harvard; one girl . . . Graduated U. of Chicago High and Undergraduate School (Ph.B. '15) . . . Brown U. (A.M. '16), graduate study at U. of Illinois . . . U.S. Cavalry, Army of Cuban Pacification ('07-'10) . . . — Outside interest: grandchildren . . . Traveled extensively in Europe and U.S. before World War II . . . Feels Europeans are better disciplined and have more respect for laws "except for the Communists" . . . Says pupils have changed for the *better* in past years . . . Advice: "Learn how boys in other countries live to appreciate your way of life more."

CHARLES LEO McCARTHY

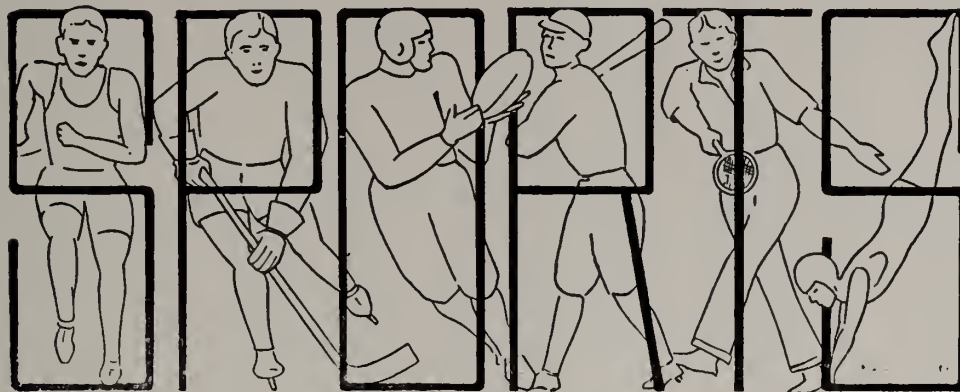
Latin teacher, Room 312 . . . Married; has two daughters . . . Lives in Brighton . . . Graduated Dorchester High '31; B.C. '35; Teachers' College '36 . . . Studying for Ph.D. at B.U. . . . Outside interests: baseball and classical languages . . . Says B.L.S. pupils are more conscientious. Standards and discipline are higher than in other schools . . . Advice: "In your studies correlate your work."



MICHAEL D'AMELIO

Math instructor, Room 228 . . . Married; six girls and one boy . . . Home in West Roxbury . . . Graduated Latin '18 . . . Harvard '22 . . . Outside interests: tennis, bridge . . . Taught at English High for 22 years . . . Feels pupils have changed little in recent years, but distractions have increased . . . Advice: "Study faithfully every day, and the outcome will take care of itself."





## Baseball

### Latin Mauled In Debut

*April 16, 1951*

A young Latin School team opened the 1951 season against East Boston at American Legion Park. Unfortunately, the puzzling slants of Cook, the East Boston pitcher, combined with the Latin pitchers' inability to find the plate, resulted in a one-sided "Eastie" victory, 17-5. Although Cook was troubled at times with wildness, his offerings often blazed past the Latin batters; and he was untouchable in the clutch.

East Boston salted the game away with a six-run uprising in the second inning. Latin lost a golden opportunity in the third. Only one run was scored. Buzz Barton singled; Paul Dooley walked; and Boots Connelly was nicked by the pitcher to load the bases. Mike Semans worked Cook for another walk to force in a run, but the Eastie pitcher bore down and got the next three batters on easy chances.

In the fourth, Norm Shnider's single, Barton's double, and Dooley's second walk loaded the bases again with one out. Connelly and Semans walked to force in two runs. Mulloy then bashed a long drive to right field, which the "Eastie" right-fielder snagged and fired into first base to double Semans.

Eastie conclusively put the game on ice by scoring five runs in the fourth and six in the fifth. In the ninth Latin finally began to hit the East Boston

pitcher solidly. Doubles by Herb Monroe and Frank Dickey, Paul O'Donnell's single, and a few bases-on-balls resulted in two runs; but the Eastie pitcher struck out the last two batters, and the game ended with Latin on the wrong end of a 17-5 score.

#### *Bases on Balls*

More men were jogging than running to first base as Latin pitchers allowed eighteen walks and the Eastie pitcher gave up twelve . . . Buzz Barton, the only Latinite to hit Cook with regularity, got a single and a double, the longest drive of the day . . . Paul O'Donnell was the only other Latin batter to get two hits . . . Zummy Katz made several sterling stops of ground balls hit at his third-base coaching-box.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Connelly, 2b .....	3	0	6	3
Semans, cf .....	2	0	2	0
Monroe, cf .....	1	1	1	0
Mulloy, lf .....	3	0	1	0
Dickey, lf .....	1	1	1	0
O'Donnell, rf .....	5	2	2	0
Aghjayian, 1b .....	4	0	4	0
George, 3b .....	2	0	0	1
Katz, 3b .....	1	0	0	0
Shnider, ss .....	3	1	3	3
Barton, c .....	3	2	4	0
Meland, c .....	2	0	0	0
Dooley, p .....	0	0	0	1
Palermo, p .....	2	0	0	2

## Latin Nipped By No-Hit Pitching

April 17, 1951

On a cold, blustery day at Columbus Stadium (so cold that the game was limited to seven innings) Paul O'Donnell's three-hit pitching was obscured by the no-hit pitching exhibition of Tom Patrick Sullivan of South Boston. Southie won this pitchers' duel, 2-1.

The first two innings were scoreless and hitless, but Latin broke the ice in the third by scoring a run without benefit of a hit. With one out Boots Connelly walked, went to second on Mike Semans' ground out, and took third on Sullivan's wild pitch. A daring double-steal then produced a run. Connelly slid under the tag to score; and this run looked big as the next three innings progressed.

Then, in the sixth, O'Donnell lost his control and, with two down, loaded the bases on walks. The next batter popped a single over the infield, and two runs came scampering across the platter. O'Donnell struck out the next man, but the damage had been done. In the first half of the seventh, Latin had a man on with two out; but he

was cut down attempting to steal, and Sullivan had his no-hitter.

### Ground Balls

So decisive was the mastery of the pitchers in this game that only two fly balls were hit to the outfield, one by each team . . . O'Donnell had nine strike-outs to Sullivan's five . . . The "Southie" pitcher was very wild, allowing ten walks and uncorking six wild pitches. His wildness definitely helped him gain his no-hitter . . . For the second time in as many days, Latin was up against superlative pitching.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Connelly, 2b	2	0	1	0
Semans, cf	3	0	0	0
Mulloy, lf	2	0	0	0
Aghjajian, 1b	1	0	9	0
Monroe, rf	1	0	1	0
George, 3b	3	0	0	1
Shnider, ss	2	0	0	2
Barton*	1	0	0	0
Meland, c	1	0	7	3
Livolsi**				
O'Donnell, p	2	0	0	3

\*Batted for Shnider in 7th

\*\*Ran for Meland in 7th

## Latin Loses Again

April 19, 1951

At Almont Field, Latin was defeated by Roxbury Memorial, 13-5. Taking advantage of shoddy defensive play, Memorial scored five runs in the second and four in the third.

In the fourth inning, with two out and Duke Shnider on first on a walk, Frank Dickey, batting for the pitcher, bashed out a double to score a run. After Boots Connelly was hit by the pitcher and Mike Semans singled across another run, Jack Mulloy, the day's biggest sticker, drove Connelly across with a single. When the Memorial third-baseman flubbed the throw-in, Semans also sped in to score. Paul O'Donnell then received a walk, but Mulloy was caught at third as Latin tried to pull the double-steal.

Latin scored their fifth and final run

in the sixth, when, with the sacks filled, O'Donnell was hit by the pitcher to force in a run. Memorial put across four more runs in their half of the sixth, but Latin was unable to score further. Although the Latin batters hit many balls "on the nose," a Memorial fielder usually seemed to be right in the path of the ball; and the game ended Roxbury Memorial 13, Latin 5.

### Solid Drives

Latin pulled off their first double-play of the year in the fifth inning . . . The fielding gem of the day was turned in by "Boots" Connelly in the third inning. With a man on third, Connelly went far to his left and knocked down a vicious grounder, which was shooting through the hole. Although he was unable to make a play, the runner on

third was prevented from scoring . . . Jack Mulloy batted out three solid singles in three trips to lead the Latin hitters.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Connelly, 2b .....	3	1	2	2
Semans, cf .....	2	1	4	0
Mulloy, lf .....	3	3	0	0
O'Donnell, rf .....	1	0	0	0

Aghjayan, 1b .....	3	0	9	0
George, 3b .....	4	0	0	0
Shnider, ss .....	3	0	2	5
Barton, c .....	3	1	1	2
Scigliano, p .....	1	0	0	3
Dickey* .....	1	1	0	0
Katz** .....				
Schwalb, p .....	1	0	0	0
Munroe*** .....	1	0	0	0

\*Batted for Scigliano in 4th

\*\*Ran for Dickey in 4th

\*\*\*Batted for Schwalb in 7th

## Latin Defeated By Technical

*April 24, 1951*

In a game tight and exciting until a disastrous eighth, Boston Technical defeated Latin, 8-4. Tech scored their first run in the second; but Latin evened the game in the fifth, when George tripled and Connelly's grounder went through the Tech shortstop. Tech got back the lead in the last of the sixth.

To start the seventh Ralph Meland walked and Paul O'Donnell singled; but Meland was cut down at the plate, trying to score on Connelly's grounder. Then, with Connelly on first and O'Donnell on third, Latin pulled a double-steal, O'Donnell crossing the platter. Mike Semans blasted a triple to score Connelly; and Latin had regained the lead, 3-2.

B.L.S. picked up another run in the eighth. With two out and Shnider on second, Meland slammed out a long double to increase Latin's lead. In the last of the eighth, however, the roof fell in as Tech pumped across six unearned runs, winning the game 8-4.

### *Base Hits*

This was a hard one to lose, as our

boys out-hit Tech, 11-6 . . . Jake George led the hit-parade with two singles and a triple in three trips. Mike Semans and Duke Shnider secured two safeties apiece . . . Duke Shnider turned in a nice play in the eighth, when a Tech batter smashed a hard grounder at pitcher O'Donnell, who deflected the ball towards shortstop. Shnider went to his right; grabbed it barehanded; and fired to first, catching the runner by half a step . . . Mike Semans turned in a good running catch to end Tech's big eighth inning. After clutching the ball, Mike fell and rolled over but retained possession for the out.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Connelly, 2b .....	4	0	2	1
Semans, cf .....	4	2	4	0
Mulloy, lf .....	5	0	1	0
Dickey, rf .....	5	1	2	0
Aghjayan, 1b .....	5	1	5	0
Shnider, ss .....	4	2	0	4
George, 3b .....	3	3	2	3
Meland, c .....	4	1	8	2
O'Donnell, p .....	3	1	0	1

## Latin Edges Charlestown

*April 26, 1951*

Playing for the first time this season at hallowed Draper Field, Latin broke into the win column by edging out Charlestown, 6-5. Kelly, the Charlestown starting pitcher, began like a house afire. For the first five innings he allowed the Latinites only one scratch hit, retiring most batters via

the strike-out route. His teammates meanwhile had gotten to Paul Dooley for three runs in the second and two in the fourth.

Things looked bad for Latin as Charlestown led, 5-0, going into the sixth. Mike Semans, first batter, walked, went to third on a balk, and took



third on a passed ball. Jack Mulloy then walked; and Latin pulled off the double steal, Semans scoring. Paul O'Donnell lashed a grounder through the middle, scoring Mulloy. Although the bases were loaded with one out, Latin could score no more runs.

To start the seventh, Zummy Katz walked, Semans singled, and Mulloy walked. Charlestown then brought in Giggie, their highly touted ace, to relieve Kelly. Paul O'Donnell greeted him with a long fly to right, which scored Katz. Frank Dickey, unterrified by Giggie's reputation, then smashed a double to center; and Semans and Mulloy came scampering across the platter, tying up the game.

Dooley held Charlestown scoreless in the first half of the eighth. In their half Latin's first two batters went out, and Zummy Katz came up. With two strikes on Katz, Giggie tried to sneak over a slow one; but Zummy, measuring the ball perfectly, punched it into left. Mike Semans then singled. With Haig Aghjayan at bat, a Giggie fast ball went through the catcher. Katz took third on the passed ball; and the Charlestown catcher, attempting to catch Katz, threw away the the ball and the ball game.

In the Charlestown ninth Dooley had to face the top of the batting order. The first batter popped to short, but the following three singled to load the bases. The next batter fled to Semans, and the runner held third. Charlestown then sent up a pinch-hitter; and Dooley ended the game dramatically by striking him out, giving Latin a well-deserved 6-5 win.

#### *Double Steals*

Latin seems to be the Dodgers of the Boston Conference, having already scored four runs in the year on double



steals . . . Paul Dooley had almost perfect control, giving up only one base-on-balls. Dooley was hit hard in the first innings but grew tougher as the game went on . . . A Charlestownner attempted to knock down Little Buzz Barton, who was blocking the plate on a tag play. Needless to say, Barton was unhurt . . . The Charlestown pitchers led their team in hitting, Giggie collecting three and Kelly four hits . . . The Charlestown catcher was guilty of five passed balls, most of which were helpful to the Latin cause.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Connelly, 2b .....	0	0	1	0
Katz, 2b .....	2	1	1	0
Semans, cf .....	4	2	4	0
Mulloy, lf .....	2	0	0	0
Aghjayan, 1b in 8th 1	0	1	1	0
O'Donnell, rf .....	3	1	2	0
Dickey, 1b, rf .....	4	1	3	0
Shnider, ss .....	4	0	3	3
George, 3b .....	2	1	2	1
Barton, c .....	4	0	7	1
Dooley, p .....	4	0	3	1

## Roslindale Tops Latin

*April 30, 1951*

In a loosely played contest with Roslindale High School, in which the participants collected a total of twenty-six hits and committed thirteen errors,

Latin was defeated, 14-11. Roslindale pushed across a total of five runs in the first three innings. Latin got most of them back in the fourth, when singles



by Mulloy, Dickey, Meland, and Connelly, followed by a triple by Aghjayan and a few Roslindale errors, resulted in five runs. Unfortunately, Roslindale scored five more runs in their half of the fourth. Latin tied the game by scoring three runs in the sixth and three in the eighth with Connelly, Semans, Mulloy, Kolsti, Shnider, and Meland collecting singles. Once again, however, the eight-inning jinx hit the Latinites, as Roslindale put over three unearned runs to take the ball game.

#### *Hits Galore*

Our forces collected a total of sixteen hits to Roslindale's ten, both teams hitting the ball solidly . . . Every one in the Latin batting order secured at least

one bingle, with Mike Semans leading with 3 for 5 and Connelly, Mulloy, Dickey, and Meland banging two apiece . . . Donoruma of Roslindale really had himself a day, collecting two triples and two singles in four trips to the plate . . . The game was a drawn-out affair, lasting almost three hours.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Connelly, 2b .....	4	2	1	1
Semans, cf .....	5	3	1	1
Mulloy, lf, 1b .....	4	2	8	0
Dickey, rf .....	5	2	1	0
Aghjayan, 1b .....	3	1	2	0
Kolsti, p in 5th .....	1	1	0	3
Shnider, ss .....	5	1	3	3
George, 3b .....	5	1	1	1
Meland, c .....	5	2	5	0
O'Donnell, p, lf .....	4	1	2	2

## Latin Topples J.P., 6-5

*May 4, 1951*

Playing a strong Jamaica Plain nine, Latin emerged on top, 6-5, Paul Dooley notching his second victory of the year. Although generally a fast, well-played game, consuming only one hour and fifty-five minutes, fielding lapses accounted for much of the scoring. J.P. scored in the first on two extra-base wallops. Latin tied the game in the third inning, when the Jamaica Plain catcher threw the ball away, trying for a pick-off at second and allowing Zummy Katz to score from third base. Latin put two more runs over in the third. Paul O'Donnell walked, and Jake George doubled. With men on second and third, Duke Shnider singled to drive in O'Donnell and George. Two runs were added in the fifth. After Mike Semans had doubled and Jack Mulloy had hit a ball which was bobbled by the Plainers' shortstop, Semans came in to score when the first-baseman threw wildly to the plate in an attempt to hold Mike at third. Haig Aghjayan then hit to short, and the J.P. shortstop fired the ball over his first-baseman's head, Mulloy coming into score. Latin notched their sixth and final run in the sixth as Zummy Katz doubled in Paul Dooley, who was on as the result of a walk.

With a lead of 6-1 in the ninth, Latin appeared to have the game well in hand. The first two J.P. batters, however, got on. The next batter popped up a foul, which Ralph Meland snagged and fired to Aghjayan at first, catching the J.P. runner off base. The double-play later proved vital, as two hits and a few infield errors produced four runs for the Plainers. With J.P.'s clean-up batter at the plate, John Kolsti came in to relieve Dooley. Kolsti then forced the Jamaica batter to hit to him, ending the inning and sewing up the ball game.

#### *Two-Base Hits*

Latin secured only four hits to J.P.'s ten, but three were doubles. All four resulted in runs, the big blow being Shnider's two-run single . . . Paul Dooley once again had almost perfect control, allowing only two bases-on-balls. He pitched well throughout, scattering widely the J.P. hits . . . Latin pulled off a snappy double-play in the eighth, as Zummy Katz made the stop after the ball was screened by a J.P. runner and fired to Shnider at second.

Shnider took the hard throw and relayed it to first, where Aghjayian made a long stretch to complete the D.P. . . Mike Semans played the good Samaritan in the fifth, as he led off a little four-year-old, who had wandered onto the field.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Katz, 2b .....	3	1	0	1
Semans, cf .....	4	1	3	0
Mulloy, lf .....	2	0	2	0
Dickey, lf .....	1	0	0	0
O'Donnell, rf .....	2	0	0	0
George, 3b .....	4	1	2	2
Aghjayian, 1b .....	4	0	10	0
Shnider, ss .....	4	1	1	3
Meland, c .....	3	0	9	2
Dooley, p .....	3	0	0	2
Kolsti, p .....	0	0	0	1

## Outdoor Track

### Latin Romps In Opener

*April 26, 1951*

The Latin School outdoor track team got off to a roaring start at White Stadium with an overwhelming victory in the season's first meet. The final point tally was Latin School, 178½;

Roxbury Memorial, 105½; and Dorchester, 16. The Purple and White led all the way, increasing a forty-point bulge in the field to an almost eighty-point difference at the conclusion of



hostilities.

In Class A, Bob Rittenburg won the "440" and the pole vault and finished second in the broad jump. Lou Circeo won the low hurdles and placed in two other events. Roger Roy, Fred Smith, and Bob Donahue scored in two events each—the foremost of the trio taking in the high jump. Indoor stalwart

Chuck Arena captured the "220", and dependable Carl Seils annexed the "880". Other firsts included Joe Kirk, Boyd, and Ashe. Morante, Mahoney, Quinlan, Vitands, and Foley all scored. The relay came in first to complete the scoring in Class A.

Latin Schoolers also dominated Class B. Otis Gates won both the "440" and

the broad jump. In their events Rosenthal, Mealwitz, and Orfant each placed first. Double-scorers were Falcone, Connolly, and Mirkin. Katz, Corbett, Nicolas, Simches, McKittrick, and Prives each tallied once. The relay finished second.

Art Mayo, indoor flash, took the "100" and the broad jump in Class C. Al Horvitz won the "50" and placed third in the broad jump. Phil Arena emulated his brother's win in the

"220". Troiano won the shotput, followed by Abramson, McIntyre, and Piraino. Other scorers were Evans, Silva, Smith, Goldberg, Miller, Bradley, Koplovsky, and Bennett. The relay team—Mayo, Evans, Horvitz, and Arena—finished first in the excellent time of 48.7 seconds.

As a result of this meet, Latin School rules as a favorite in the "Reggies", scheduled for May 19.

## Latin Again Routs Rivals

*May 3, 1951*

For the second straight week, Latin School swamped its opponents at the Schoolboy Stadium. The final score: B.L.S., 183; Trade, 74; Commerce, 30; and Dorchester, 9.

In Class A, Bob Rittenburg scored fourteen points to lead the team. His winning effort in the hurdles was timed at 15.2, half a second under the record. Lou Circeo and Barry Quinlan tallied thrice, including one win for each. Taylor, Ashe, Joy, and Boyd scored twice—the latter pair taking firsts in the low hurdles and javelin throw, respectively. Fred Smith captured the "100"; Arena, Seils, and Kirk each took second in the "220", "440", and hurdles, respectively. Other scorers were Morante, Donahue, and Vitands.

Once again Otis Gates was a double-winner in Class B, capturing both the broad jump and the "440". Paul Rosenthal won the hurdles and took second in the high jump. Arnold, Connol-

ly, McKittrick, Murkin, Orfant, and Simches were double-scorers; and Katz, Mealwitz, Nicolas and Rose were point-winners.

In Class C competition, Art Mayo, winning the high jump and the "100", was the only double-winner. Al Horvitz took the "220", and Phil Arena won the broad jump. Then each captured a lesser place in an event won by the other. Evans and Troiano placed first in the 50-yard dash and the shotput, respectively. Smith and McIntyre were double-winners; Bennett, McGuire, Marshall, Paquette, Silva, and Strickland tallied once each.

As much of the team's strength is centered in Classes B and C, another successful season for next year is foreseen by Manager Steve Greyser. The team thanks Coaches Ronan, Meagher, Bell, and Mr. Carey for their untiring work throughout the season.

## THE REGISTER

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their support during the year.

1950 - 1951

## Tennis

### Latin Shuts Out Commerce

*Tuesday, April 24*

The Latin tennis team proved that it was prepared to defend the City Championship, as it turned in a 5-0 win over Commerce. Applying the whitewash with great ease were Lou Bortnick, Paul Rosenthal, and Jordy Zisk, in singles, and Len Shulman, David Bernstein, Paul Foley, and Jerome Sadow, in doubles.

#### *Drop Shots*

Lou Bortnick displayed his usual, excellent game, showing a smashing

service and perfectly balanced returns . . . This 1951 squad has great depth, and another City Championship is expected.

#### *Scores*

##### SINGLES

Bortnick .....	6-2, 6-0
P. Rosenthal .....	6-1, 6-0
Zisk .....	6-1, 6-1

##### DOUBLES

Shulman and Bernstein.....	6-2, 6-1
Foley and Sadow.....	6-1, 6-1

### Latin Blanks Brighton

*Friday, April 27*

The B.L.S. net squad traveled to Rogers Field in Brighton to win its second consecutive shutout, 5-0. Mr. Thomas juggled the line-up and thus found some more winning combinations. Paul Rosenthal played Number One; and Lou Bortnick, Two. Len Shulman, who had played doubles in the first match of the season, played Number Three. Bernstein joined with Sadow

for one doubles team, while Jordy Zisk and Al Rosenstein provided the other.

#### *Scores*

##### SINGLES

P. Rosenthal .....	6-3, 0-6, 6-2
Bortnick .....	6-0, 6-3
Shulman .....	6-4, 6-2

##### DOUBLES

Bernstein and Sadow.....	6-0, 6-3
Zisk and Rosenstein.....	6-0, 6-0

### Latin Whitewashes Dorchester

*Tuesday, May 1*

Roberts Field in Dorchester played host to the Purple and saw them raise their point total to 15 and 0. Dorchester provided the last potent opposition of the schools so far this season. They won only 9 games the whole afternoon and never came close to winning a set. The Big Three — Lou Bortnick, Paul Rosenthal, and Jordy Zisk — played singles in that order. E. Rosenthal played for the first time this season and teamed up with Sadow in doubles. Kogos likewise made his 1951 debut, with Foley as his partner.

#### *Drop Shots*

The 1951 team includes Bortnick

(co-captain), Shulman (co-captain), P. Rosenthal, Zisk, Bernstein, Foley, Sadow, E. Rosenthal, Kogos, Wallace, Kagan, Fishman, Ward, Goldstein, and Al Rosenstein, who is also the very capable manager.

#### *Scores*

##### SINGLES

Bortnick .....	6-1, 6-1
P. Rosenthal .....	6-1, 6-2
Zisk .....	6-1, 6-1

##### DOUBLES

E. Rosenthal and Sadow.....	6-1, 6-0
Foley and Kogos.....	6-0, 6-1



# Something of Interest.



C. COLBY.

The halls of Latin School resounded to traditional recitations as Classes 3 and 4 attended the Fifth Public Declamation on Friday, March 16. The speakers were Richard O'Keeffe, John Dobbryn, Bernard Geller, Allan Drachman, Anthony Giordano, Myron Cohen, Frank Lyons, Marc Richman, Robert Gargill, Cornelius Sullivan, Albert Moren, and Harvey Tattelbaum.

\* \* \* \*

Under the direction of Donald Tavel and Robert Rittenburg, the Senior Class observed the annual Class Day Exercises on April 13. The program featured the Presidents address by Robert Rittenburg; the Class Oration, by Edward Goodman; and the Class Poem, written and delivered by Hirsch Simckes. The Class Prophecy—composed and recited by Thomas Doherty, James Paras, and Alan Rosenstein—and the Class Will—written by Richard Morrison and Robert Rittenburg—provided humorous interludes. The graduate address was given by William Anthony Parks, Esq., '26 who spoke eloquently on the need of morality in public life. Musical selections were rendered by the Glee Club and the Orchestra.

\* \* \* \*

On April 26, the Latin School Chapter of the National Honor Society presented its First Annual Musical Revue. A large gathering was present as an unusual talent show was presented under the direction of Jack Carp. The second portion of the production consisted of a satirical musical play, written by Albert Moren and Michael Horvit. With Edward Kupperstein and Ronald White in the feature roles, the

play was an immediate success. Credit is due Paul Merlin, who supervised the entire production, and to Lt. Cannon, the Faculty adviser.

\* \* \* \*

The Latin School Dramatic Society, augmented by lovely contingents of female talent from Brookline High School and Emerson College, this year presented a farcial comedy, "Bertha", the Beautiful Typewriter Girl." The student actors from Latin School were Edward Golden, Harvey Tattelbaum, Conrad Geller, John Laffey, and Robert Weintraub. A dress rehearsal was presented for the Faculty and Alumni on May 2, and two performances were given for students and guests on May 3 and 4, in the school auditorium.

\* \* \* \*

Under cloudy skies the Annual Prize Drill took place on May 4. The cadets went through their maneuvers with precision and éclat under the direction of Lt. Cannon. The following were the fortunate officers and the prize-winning companies:

## *First Regiment*

Brigadier General Robert Rittenburg, Tenth Company.

Colonel Thomas Bethony, Sixth Company.

Lt. Colonel Stephen Dwyer, Eleventh Company.

Major Michael Semans, Fourth Company.

Major Joseph Johnson, First Company.  
Major John Molloy, Fifth Company.

## *Second Regiment*

Colonel Richard Morrison, Sixth Company.

Lt. Colonel Walter Kangas, Tenth

Company.  
Major John Hennessy, Fourth Company.

Major Mark Breen, Eighth Company.  
Major James Paras, Second Company.

\* \* \* \*

College Board results for 1951, just received before going to press, were highly satisfactory: (a) Of those taking the examinations 94.6 per cent earned passing grades. (b) More than three-fifths of these grades won honors.

\* \* \* \*

*Flash!* Harvard College has just announced the award of its much sought-after prize scholarships. Of 275 winners from 35 states, for high academic and personal promise (as shown by out-

standing records in class and extracurricular activities), Boston Latin School placed the highest number of candidates—thirteen. The following members of '51 are to be congratulated: Charles Arena (304), Joseph Bacigalupo (301), Arthur Cohen (301), Ernest Geigis (301), Edward Goodman (304), John Hardiman (302), Kevin Harrington (307), David Kennedy (301), David Merrill (334), Philip Order (301), Robert Oxman (302), Joseph Pagliarulo (304), and Roman Rubinstein (335).

*Flash No. 2!* One of the six boys from Massachusetts to gain the coveted Harvard College National Scholarships was our own Richard Karp of Room 304. Congratulations and best wishes, Dick!

## Alumni Notes

George Santayana, '82, one of the first editors of the *Register*, has just had published what he says is his last book on philosophy. It is entitled "Reflections on Liberty, Society, and Government." Mr. Santayana is now residing in a convent in Rome, where he is living a serene and secluded life under the constant care of the nuns.

\* \* \* \*

Harry G. Slater, '25, formerly Chief Counsel for Division of Public Utilities, has just been appointed General Counsel for Niagara-Mohawk Power Corporation.

\* \* \* \*

William F. Lucey, '44, son of Mr. Henry Lucey, well-known math. master at Latin School, was ordained to the priesthood on April 11, 1951 and later assigned to Pepperell, Massachusetts.

\* \* \* \*

Monsignor Edward G. Murray, D.D., '21, formerly Rector of St. John Seminary, is now Pastor of Sacred Heart Church in Roslindale.

\* \* \* \*

Lieut. William T. Gillis, '44, is serving in Korea with C Company 89th Medium Tank Battalion.

\* \* \* \*

Nathan Azrin, '48, a frequent contributor to the *Register*, has been awar-

ded a Phi Beta Kappa Key by Boston University.

\* \* \* \*

Howard Lindsay, '07 famous playwright with many smash hits, will soon receive an honorary degree from Bowdoin.

\* \* \* \*

Leon J. Levenson, '24, has been elected to the Board of Directors for Adult Education.

\* \* \* \*

Sumner Y. Andelman M.D., '31, has been elected President of the Oklahoma Rheumatism Society for 1951. He practices in Tulsa and specializes in arthritis and related diseases.

\* \* \* \*

Robert Wernick, '34, has just had his second novel published by Charles Scribner's Sons (*The Hill of Fortune*). Mr. Wernick started his writing career as a member of the *Register* staff. At present he is Assistant Editor of *Life*.

\* \* \* \*

Irving W. Rabb, '39, is General Chairman of the Greater Boston Committee for the State of Israel \$500,000,-000.00 Bond Issue . . . Lee J. Harris, '32, is now the president of a bank in Israel which gives loans to people who are considered bad risks by other banks; oddly enough he is highly successful.



## REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

*D. Lyons  
W. Mosany*

*March 6:* The new R.R.R.—being of unsound mind, with little self-control, flunking English, but pronounced competent enough to write this column—hereby begins his tenure.

*March 7:* Boys were reminded in Bulletin No. 589678159 that the office will not handle phone messages from home. In view of recent Senate Investigations, coupled with the fact that this school keeps many books, the ruling is interesting.

*March 8:* The Stamp Club is holding a philatelic display. Imagine boys at B.L.S. playing post-office!

*March 9:* The Chief gave Class II boys an opportunity to compete for positions on the Literary Staff. One of the suggested titles was "Teachers' Idiosyncrasies." At last count, Ye R.R.R. was working on Book 23 (Volume IX).

*March 10:* College Boards.

*March 12:* Draft Board! Don't laugh, Sixies!

*March 13:* At a meeting of the Science Club the topic of discussion was "How To Make Air Raid Drills More Realistic" or "Uranium + Plutonium = No School."

*March 14:* An aspiring first-floor poet is threatening to supplant Conrad Geller as B.L.S. king of abstract poetry:

"Thirty days hath September, April, June, and no wonder;

All the rest have peanut-butter except Florida, which has grapefruit."

H-U-H???

*March 15:* Seniors who, by this time,

have been admitted to one or more colleges, are to see Mr. Dunn. Seniors who have been admitted to Harvard are to see a doctor . . . The big question of Class I Electives was thrust upon the Juniors. Let's see: French? No-o-o . . . Deutsch? No-o-o . . . Chem? No-o-o . . . Math? No-o-o . . . Memorial? Could be!

*March 16:* No student, P.G., or Senior may roam the sacred corridors of B.L.S. after the witching hour of 2:25. All club members must be equipped with rope-ladders to evacuate *via les fenêtres*.

*March 19:* Reports that Brink's is planning to open a Teachers' Locker-Division was denied today.

*March 20:* What renowned second-floor Deutsch Lehrer has installed an electric eye system on his doors to permit him to read the paper before school and still apprehend the tardy trackmen with feathered feet. A phonograph automatically shouts: "STOP! What makes you late??"

*March 21:* Yawn. Ah, Spring—when a young man's fancy turns to poetry; eh, Erny?

Spring is here; the grass has riz.

I wonder where the flowers is. Ugh!! Certain members of the lower class were caught "Being Happy Go Lucky." Now they walk less than a mile for a censure.

*March 22:* Overheard in Math class on the day after a certain television program:

Teacher: "Mc T.V., what's the answer to the fourth problem?"



*Pupil:* "I refuse to answer on the grounds that it may incriminate me; tend to incriminate me; or lead to something which may incriminate me, Mr. Halley—I mean, Sir."

*March 26:* Another air-raid drill . . . Contrary to popular (very) belief, Class I boys do not take stations in Simmons College basement . . . Class I was reminded of \$9.00 due on the Yearbook. Collectors are circulating during the noon hour with rubber hoses and spiked shoes.

*March 27:* New lunchroom schedule: First Floor goes to L3; Second Floor goes to L2; Third Floor goes to L1; and Seniors go to Sharaf's.

*March 28: Edict No. 1:* "If any boy has an appointment with a master during the Home Room Period, he must reach that master before the start of the H.R.P." *Edict No. 2:* "A boy must be in his seat at the start of said period for attendance." Lucky Ye R.R.R. has a twin brother.

*March 29:* What first-floor French teacher is being serenaded by his classes to the tune of "On Top Of Old Smokey?" Hmmm??

*March 30:* Concerning today's happenings, *Ye R.R.R.* declines to comment as he would like to graduate from this school some year.

*April 1:* *Ye R.R.R.* got 100 per cent in every subject, was elected to the National Honor Society, and received a 10,000-dollar scholarship to Harvard. (If you doubt it, look at the date.)

*April 2:* On this balmy spring day *Ye R.R.R.* thought the strain of writing this column had taken effect. Three "Studenten" entered school equipped with heavy winter clothing, goggles, and boxes of artificial snow. *Explanation:* The Ski Club met today.

*April 3:* Bulletin states textbooks are articles of value. *Query:* To whom??

*April 4:* The Chess Team will hold an inter-squad scrimmage at 2:25. Try-outs for the first line will be held. Equipment: Headgear, shinguards, and an active brain.

*April 5:* Boys who are tardy must bring a note from parents or Mr. Sharaf to explain their late arrival. Failure means incarceration in Cell No. 212

at your favorite hoosegow.

*April 6: News item:* The State Dept. has divulged their newest secret weapon invented by Ed Lambert. It is reported to be killing thousands of Chinese Reds daily. Secret agents instituted favorite B.L.S. exercise in Chinese Army. Clenching and unclenching of the fists to the count of 4,748. During outdoor recess, boys are not to play with hard or soft balls; are not to run, skip, or march; and are not to play on either side of the building. Any one for outdoor cribbage?

*April 10-11:* With a swarm of suitcoats at B.L.S. it was first thought that Kennedy's advertisement really paid off; later it was learned that Vantine is having his yearly jamboree.

*April 12:* Now I've heard everything! The effects of spring are felt. One of the more effervescent students, while flitting from one class to another, unshod, misplaced his shoes, and had to go home barefoot . . .

*April 13:* Class Day! Amid roars of laughter and over-ripe tomatoes, the Class Will and Prophecy were read. The Class Song was sung? Masters were slandered right and left; but it was good clean fun . . . Members of the Highway Safety Club recently took psychophysical tests in depth perception, field of vision, etc. In short, they were told how long it will take them to wrap the family car around a tree.

*April 16-20:* Vacation. Please don't bother me; I'm studying physics. *Problem:* If a spheroid is hurled from Point A to Point B against a wind velocity of 3 M.P.H., who is pitching for the Sox?

*April 23:* *Ye R.R.R.* was chagrined to hear one of the omniscient Seniors confess before God, man, and Classes II and I in the assembly hall that he is employed by a "farmer" who has no official stationery. Tsk, tsk!

*April 24:* This reporter has just received word that four plane reservations to Florida were hurriedly cancelled just before the April Vacation. This story may be attributed to the fact that all club rosters and financial records are to be checked by an embryo C.P.A. from Commerce.



*April 25: Heard in a certain Math room which lies between 102 and 104:*

*The teacher has just graciously lent a compass to Pupil 1 for use in a "quiz."*

*Pupil 2: "Sir, may I borrow your compass?"*

*Teacher: "I'm already committed."*

*Pupils 1-30: "IT'S ABOUT TIME!"*

*April 26: The Honor Society Show went off with a bang. Bouquets to Al and Mike for the words and music to "Mimi"; a soggy tea bag to Jack (Buy-Em-by-the-Carton) Carp; and a jug of cool, clear, water to the misfit in the derby and yo-yo . . . The Register Rustlers, alias the Naturals, are being begged by Ted Mack, Dennis James, and the Dancing Cigarette Pack to appear on T.V. Last reports have it that said sextet is holding out for the Match Box.*

*April 27: The MacArthur influence at B.L.S.:*

*Stupid Juniors never die;*

*They just fade away—at English High.*

*April 30: The R.R.R. is starting a petition to have all captains give the command "Eyes right" when marching by Simmons. Not all at once, fellas!*

*May 1: Jack Carp, when taking candida for the Yearbook, has been asked by the "Wheels" and club treasurers to photograph only their hands. Hmm, where have I heard that before?*

*May 2: Mr. Roland Napoleon Fontaine has been made an honorary member of the A.O.A. for "Meritorious service above and beyond the call of duty."*

*May 3: Edict No. 4735937: All boys who have not been in their seats long enough to raise the temperature of the wood to 75 degrees F. at 8:40 are to be considered tardy. A black market in hot-water bottles is flourishing.*

*May 4: Before Prize Drill, a Senior officer was heard to say: "Now, if my company wins, that will make me a colonel. MacArthur was a five-star general. With a few promotions I can take over his old job." Hmmm.*

*May 7: All criticism, complaints, and/or corrections on above trivia are to be neatly written on punched paper, placed in an envelope, and mailed . . . on June 21, so that we can place the material on file in the cylindrical receptacle in 235, especially used for said information. Please refer all libel suits to Mr. Gordon.*

## Perception

BY KEITH WILLIAM O'DONNELL '53

You and I stand apart, wondering  
Just what lies beneath that thin veneer of culture  
Which we both seem to possess.

I think you and I are both looking,  
Hoping to find what it is we seek in each other;  
And when we don't find it,  
We are either discouraged or disgusted;  
And we seek another.

But, as time passes, we grow older and wiser  
And know that there is no such thing as we seek . . .  
And all our youth has been wasted.

Once more we stand, you and I;  
But now we stand together, for we no longer wonder  
What it is we seek . . . We know.

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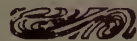


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